

# THE REVIEWER

*June, 1922*

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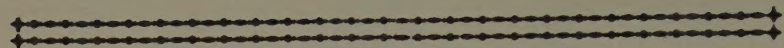
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# THE REVIEWER

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## Art and Clive Bell

BY BURTON RASCOE.

Mr. Clive Bell has been audacious enough to annoy Mr. Bernard Shaw. He has caught Mr. Shaw off his guard and has pricked him very neatly. To be precise: he has observed Mr. Shaw recording his belief in God (which is compatible with reason) but on the ground that, without a divine origin and purpose, Beauty, Intelligence and Honor are worthless (which is arguable).

Mr. Bell has grasped this opportunity to make out that Mr. Shaw is a clodhopper and that Clive Bell is now the proper man to pay attention to. Mr. Shaw has retorted that Mr. Bell is "a fathead and a voluptuary", which is certainly a triumph for Mr. Bell. He has forced the man who was once the most resourceful controversialist in England into the pitiable position of resorting to epithets. It is very neat of Mr. Bell. Nothing could be more advantageous in the way of publicity; nothing could so quickly establish his reputation in the literary world. Certainly his Art could not.

That is a useful, important, and silly book. It contains many thoughtful and many thoughtless remarks. Mr. Bell's style is clear and precise and lively, which is an advantage to the reader and a handicap for Mr. Bell. Aestheticians, like metaphysicians, suffer by being easily understood. Half their impressiveness is gone when they are intelligible and half their force is gone when their errors are there in plain language where any rag tag and bobtail can pick them out.



I have been finding some errors in Mr. Bell. He should be more careful. Or else he should write more like a metaphysician. His title is a misnomer, for art is an abstraction which is applicable to many things and Mr. Bell has applied it only to a particular phase of the visual arts. He tells us that he has been in search of a quality peculiar and common to all works of art and that he has found it in "significant form". Here he writes like a metaphysician, and it saves the day for him, for no one can dispute a contention as vague as that.

"Significant form", he tells us, is something that provokes in him and in Mr. Roger Fry an ecstatic state called aesthetic emotion. He doubts very seriously whether you or I are capable of experiencing this state. "As often as not", he warns us, "the hardest thinkers have had no aesthetic experience whatever. I have a friend blessed with an intellect as keen as a drill, who, though he takes an interest in aesthetics, has never during a life of almost forty years been guilty of an aesthetic emotion." It is even a rare state for him and Mr. Fry: some paintings by Giotto and Cézanne, a Persian rug or so, a piece of Chinese statuary, a few pots and pans are about the only objects capable of producing that state in them. I don't wonder at that at all, for he says, "to appreciate a work of art, we need bring with us nothing from life, no knowledge of its ideas and affairs, no familiarity with its emotions." Since only inanimate objects are fortunate enough to be lacking in these impedimenta, I think we need not despair of the injustice which cuts us off from the ecstasies Mr. Bell and Mr. Fry enjoy. Some day we, too, may take leave of our senses.

The trouble with Mr. Bell is that he has not thought things out. He contradicts himself too much. A foolish consistency is not a bugbear of his mind. He is not consistent for three pages at a time. That is a trait which is enjoyable in a fantasist; but in a theorist who is attempting to present his theory logically it is insupportable. Thus he says in one place, "The rapt philosopher and he who contemplates a work of art, inhabit a world with an intense and peculiar significance of its own; that significance is unrelated to the significance of life. In this world the emotions of life find no place. It is a world with emotions of its own". And in another place he says, ". . . all great artists are reformers; it is impossible to speak of reality without criticizing

civilization . . . it is impossible to care passionately about art without caring about the fate of mankind". Again, "I doubt whether the good artist bothers much more about the future than about the past. Why should artists bother about the fate of mankind?" Again we find him saying on one page that "Literature is never pure art", and on another "Both (Ibsen and Cézanne) sought and both found the same thing—the thing above literature and painting, the stuff out of which great literature and painting are made. . . . Ibsen approached humanity in the spirit of an artist". Having told us at various times that the emotions of life have nothing to do either with the production or appreciation of art he tells us elsewhere that, "Miss Coleridge never created a real work of art because she could not grasp emotions, or, if she grasped them, failed to hold them". Mr. Bell tries to straddle too many fences at once. His *Art* is not a work of art, for it does not hold together. It has "significant form", but it is significant of nothing so much as the dazed and uncertain condition of Mr. Bell's mind. I regret his disparagement of literature, because he might learn so much from it. For, after all, he is attempting to explain art in the terms of literature, thereby showing unwitting deference to literature as the most precise and convenient mode of expression.

Did he know words, or to be truthful, if he had his ideas clearly formulated and properly ordered, he would have no difficulty in telling us just what he means when he says something has the quality of art, or "significant form". He may assail me with the cry that literature is the medium of logic and that in defining aesthetics he must resort to the use of words. But I must reply that literature is also the vehicle of emotion, even of aesthetic emotion, and that he has not made the proper use of it even as a medium of logic.

Mr. Bell, who is a trifle more snobbish than most of us when it comes to his hobby, may say of me (as he has said of all the rest of the world except him and Mr. Roger Fry) that I have never had a pure aesthetic emotion, and quite possibly I have not. But until he tells me what he understands an aesthetic emotion to be, I cannot tell him whether or not I have ever experienced one. I can tell him precisely what is the nature of the nervous



response I experience in the presence of a painting by Cézanne, a Bach prelude, the Wrigley building in Chicago, a poem by Maxwell Bodenheim or, say, the small pen and ink drawing by Picasso which Mr. Henry Sell gave me the other day.

Let me attempt to describe very briefly the emotions evoked in me by the little Picasso and then perhaps Mr. Bell will be good enough to tell me whether my emotion is aesthetic or not. I submit myself to this test, because I think that Mr. Bell is a sincere man and I know he is an earnest one.

First, the drawing pleased me and this pleasure can be defined in words, even if I fail to do so. I have a fondness for small works of art—Chinese jade carvings, post-Augustan gems, Tanagra figurines (particularly if they are spurious), Egyptian sculptural miniatures, small sketches. At the bottom of this is, perhaps, the possessive instinct at work in connection with the things we love. It is a hidden kleptomania with me, no doubt. I know I cannot abduct the Farnese Hercules from the museum and keep it for myself, so it interests me less than the little basalt figure of the goddess Isis, which, by setting my speculative fancy on greater flights, interests me more than the plaster giant, and moreover, by its size, tells me that, if I had the courage I might very easily steal it. I have stolen few things in my life, but I am not so hypocritical as to assert that I was never prompted to steal anything.

Mr. Bell may interpose that I am confusing aesthetic emotion with desire. My answer is that the emotion I feel before the Picasso is not entirely one of possession, because I now possess it, and it gives the particular pleasure which I shall attempt further to describe. Although it later occurred to me that the drawing was that of a small fishing smack in an inlet, with perhaps a school-house or a residence or so suggested on the mainland in the background, I was not, until I came to write this, aware that it was anything in particular except a few strokes of black on a bit of cream colored paper and that they seemed to be in their proper place and the relation between the cream colored paper and the black lines seemed to be harmonious. The drawing I should say is perfect, meaning only by this that there seems to me to be nothing wrong with it, and that I happen to like good craftsmanship.

There are two curved lines which please my retina and appear each time to induce in me a certain exultation not unlike that caused by watching a lariat spin out from a trained roper's hands, or seeing an aeroplane begin its rapid descent on a swooping nose dive, or watching a trim sailboat come about under a stiff breeze.

Mr. Bell may say that I am one of the elect and that what I have just said is what he means by "significant form". I reply that he only means that which is significant, in this instance, to him and to me, and that we are, very likely, old-maidish persons in this particular, that we like everything to be in its place, and that we have a tendency to go about setting things in order. But there are thousands of other excellent persons who are intelligent and who get a genuine pleasure out of art, and yet who like disorder, and who have a contrary tendency to go about disarranging things to suit themselves. They are ill at ease and unhappy until they have messed things up about them and have removed all semblance of simple and conscious design. They are revolutionary, and, if they are artists, they would throw all the paintings Mr. Bell loves into the dustbin; but I would not be guilty, as Mr. Bell is guilty, of saying that therefore they are incapable of aesthetic emotion. The truth is that that is precisely what these men would be saying about Mr. Bell, for I have heard them; but I did not believe them. He is, indeed, a man who loves art very passionately, but one who has rationalized his love so much that it doesn't seem to be love at all. He has come to too many conclusions about art, and has sifted these conclusions so painstakingly for a universal principle that he has really arrived at a definition which has relation only to a particular art, an art which is, in effect, artless. "It is the mark of great art", he writes, "that its appeal is universal and eternal. . . . When Mr. Okakura, the government editor of the *Temple Treasures of Japan*, first came to Europe, he found no difficulty in appreciating the pictures of those who from want of will or *want of skill* (the italics are mine) did not create illusions but concentrated their energies on the creation of form. He understood immediately the Byzantine masters and the French and Italian primitives. In the Renaissance painters, on the other hand, with their descriptive



pre-occupations, their literary and anecdotic interests, he could see nothing but vulgarity and muddle”.

Because the Japanese editor did not immediately appreciate Michelangelo and Leonardo, or, indeed, any artists except those who from *want of skill* created only simple form, Mr. Bell was forthwith convinced that the things that children and savages and primitive people draw or carve are the only true works of art. And he would forthwith scrap Michelangelo, Veronese, Leonardo, Rafael, Rubens, Van Dyke, Velasquez—in fact almost every painter except Giotto and Cézanne.

Now it is very true that certain forms of art are universal and, perhaps, eternal. But because a Japanese editor got nothing out of Michelangelo, no more argues against the artistic value of Michelangelo than it argues against the artistic value of Homer that a Japanese editor cannot read Greek. This fallacy of the universal and eternal is pernicious because it carries a certain air of truth. But it would rule out an overwhelming proportion of creations which are undeniably (except by Mr. Bell) works of art. It would dispose of everything produced by particular circumstances, training, sophistication, and technique in a developed civilization.

The fallacy of the universal art principle had led innumerable men beside Mr. Bell astray. A very fine poet once told me that he longed to write a poem which would be as readily understandable and appreciable by a Chinese who knew no English as by a sensitive and cultured American. He wanted, he said, to create pure music in verse. He does not know that what we call the purest of actual music, say certain scores of Haydn, Brahms, or Bach, is not only not understandable or appreciable by an Oriental unused to Occidental music, but is actually boring and nonsensical to him. And if you have ever listened to the nerve-racking noise the Chinese consider their best music you will understand that even what the aestheticians call the highest art form, and the form toward which all other arts aspire, is not universal.

No, between us, Mr. Bell, for all the passion he works up over “significant form” is sometimes a cranky and opinionated fellow. Witness, (p. 245 of *Art*: “Unless it be Thomas Hardy, there is no first rate novelist in Europe; there is no first rate



poet. . . . Since Mozart music has just kept her nose above the slough of realism, romance, and melodrama."

This is opinion and nothing more, and very queer and dubious opinion at that. The last sentence is particularly queer, coming as it does after this confession on page 30 of the same volume: "I do not understand music well. I find musical form exceedingly difficult to apprehend, and I am sure that the profounder subtleties of harmony and rhythm more often than not escape me. The form of a musical composition must be simple indeed if I am to grasp it honestly."

If he does not understand music very well he should be more cautious in his statements about it. If he doesn't know what he is talking about when he is on the subject of literature (and it is apparent that he doesn't) he should refrain from committing such anti-climaxes as that of declaring that the greatest living novelists are Hardy, Conrad and Virginia Woolfe.

If Mr. Bell were better trained in words which make up the language of sense as well as of the senses, he would not make these slips. One is tempted to say that the form of a canvas must also be simple indeed if he is to grasp it honestly, for he has made it explicit in his essays that he considers Giotto and Cézanne the greatest artists produced in western Europe and this because they were occupied with nothing but the creation of simple form. It is not that Mr. Bell does not understand painting but that he has got a hobby and he is riding it to death. He helped materially to create the values we now attach to Cézanne, Renoir, Vlaminck, Dérain, Matisse, and some others who were under the Cézanne influence. He was probably urged into his compromising position by the stupidity of other critics and by an indifferent public. Any child who has not been spoiled in his taste can appreciate a Cézanne upon the first encounter, and any sensitive person who will take the trouble to look at a Cézanne without reference to pictures he has hitherto seen, or without intellectualizing about it too much, will feel the aesthetic significance of it at once. It is only because of complexity of civilization and the vast accumulations of aesthetic theory that Mr. Bell has been put to such great trouble to show that Cézanne is great, by the drastic device

of declaring that Rubens, Rembrandt, Titian, and nearly all other artists are not artists at all. If Mr. Bell thinks that Rembrandt did not know as much about significant form as Cézanne, let him look at the great collection of sketches Rembrandt first made before he elaborated them into pictures which Mr. Bell detests. If Mr. Bell suspects that Michaelangelo was not so capable of creating pure form as is a Polynesian savage let him study the Michaelangelo cartoons. If he thinks Hogarth is worthless because Hogarth used drawing as a means of comment and satire, let him look at Hogarth's own analyses of his compositions as pure form. To Rembrandt, to Michaelangelo, to Hogarth "significant form" was not enough; a painting, a drawing or an etching, they considered, might have other elements of beauty and significance, even to likenesses, anecdotes, and documentation, all of which are enough to send Mr. Bell into a rage. Mr. Bell glowing before Giotto reminds one too pertinently of Oscar Wilde's living up to his blue china. It is an admirable thing for Mr. Bell to do that and it was a worthy ambition in Oscar Wilde; but one must not be misled by these aesthetes into believing that all art is either Giotto or blue china.

Mr. Bell writes in a pleasing style and with great force of conviction. He has said many true and valuable things about the relation of art to life. He has written paragraphs about the relations of the artist and society which I should like to distribute broadcast as leaflets that certain people might read. But he has made the one mistake of assuming art to be a very narrow thing, a joy which only a handful of people can appreciate, whereas art is a very big and very diverse abstraction. There is no art, there are only artistic things, and among artistic things there are, as well as the paintings of Cézanne, the second symphony by Szumanowski and the acting of Miss Fanny Brice, the woodcuts of J. J. A. Murphy, Jr., and the poetry of Wallace Stevens, the Bush Terminal building and the comedies of Charles Chaplin, the Jorgen of James Branch Cabell, and, despite Mr. Bell, the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel.

And in his comparisons even in the field of what he conceived to be "significant form," Mr. Bell is rather difficult to follow. He



says flatly that "Cézanne painted far greater things than any Impressionist painter" and that Cézanne was greater than Gauguin or Van Gogh. Here the bewildered amateur must step aside while the sympathetic evaluators of the Post-Impressionists fight it out among themselves. For M. Camille Mauclair says with some disdain that Gauguin is immeasurably superior to the others of the trinity, while M. Gustave Kahn thinks that only Van Gogh could really paint.

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## Bordeaux

BY BARBARA LING.

There is a town I know, asleep and gray,  
And still and quiet, where the rhythmic beat  
Of patient plodding horses' weary feet  
Reëchoes. Where the little children play  
In the Cathedral's kindly shade all day;  
There stately dames in great white bonnets meet,—  
The grinning gargoyles watch them as they greet  
Each other, and wag their chins in solemn sway—  
Great ships lie there in port of every line,  
There is a smell of salt and cheap red wine—  
I think that heaven must be a place like this  
Where talk celestial nonsense in their bliss,  
Walking beneath the brown and dusty trees,  
Dante and Rupert Brooke and Socrates.

# The Unforgotten Country

BY BEATRICE WASHBURN.

There is a country whose boundaries are growing dim and whose inhabitants, it seems, are changing. For each of us that land which we have left grows more clear and vivid with the years and we begin to look back, a little wistfully, to the time when every stick of furniture was an adventure, when the world was bounded by the garden gate and beyond it lay realms undreamed of and untold. Every inch of that lost territory is an El Dorado now—the cut-leaf maple beneath which the dolls used to have their tea, the grove of fir-trees on the front lawn where the brownies lived, the fountain where the chip boats weathered storms. The dolls themselves and all the beloved, weather-beaten things we played with are waiting for us somewhere, we feel sure: not in the orthodox heaven of the churches perhaps, nor even in that terrifying place we call the future, but some day, some where, we shall find them all again just as they were when we laid them away. Life has a trick of destroying the dreams we have built with so much care but even life is powerless to touch that elusive, radiant kingdom of the past.

Scents and sounds have their important place in this country that we love—the scent of lilac trees in Spring when they burst into feathery, purple bloom; and the almost audible coolness with which the twilight used to fall across the summer lawn. The scrunch of children's feet on the pebbled driveway, a driveway that was really a river where you could fish for pearls—and the cool, sharp smell of granite when you put your cheek against the great stones of your grandfather's house because you were tired of playing.

A baby's voice brings back Little Brother in his crib, the firelight dancing on the walls and outside the smooth, white snow stretching away to nowhere; and there is no surer path to childhood than the ringing of a bell at the day's end—just as they used to ring the great bell of St. Stephens when it was time for nursery tea.

Then it narrows down to nearer things—to a doll who was made of rags and very soft and lovely to sleep with. Her body was shaped like an hour glass—indented at the waist with broad,



generous hips. Her hands were not hands at all, properly speaking, but mittens, roughly divided into a thumb and a main hand. But ah—how comforting to hold when you lay awake in the darkness! Her dear face was covered with canvas so that when the features became worn and disfigured, which happened all too frequently, it was a simple matter for an aunt or an uncle to repaint them—varying the color of the eyes, the shape of the nose, the very length and thickness of the bangs. By this device we had a doll ever old and trusted and yet eternally new.

The wax dolls of yesterday—so sweet for a little girl to kiss—have gone the way of all things human and what has become of the dolls with “real hair”, soft, taffy-colored curls that twine and cling to your finger? The dolls now, like everybody else, wear their hair bobbed.

Those dolls of the past generation must have been really very strong when you consider what they used to eat; little platters of paste-board fish, perfect even to the cut of their fins, and the slices of lemon on the side, plates of sliced tongue and beefsteak and cakes of every kind and variety just big enough to balance in a dainty, bisque hand. They had lemonade sets, too, made of the frailest blown glass and so tiny that even a bumble bee could not have sat inside.

As for the amount of tea those dolls drank it was enough to upset even a nervous system of bran. If the dolls of to-day eat they must do it in modest seclusion for certainly you never see anything so vulgar as paste-board fish displayed in the toy shop windows. Yet sometimes we long to give these blasé, Greenwich Village dolls with their smocks and their bobbed hair a taste of real, old fashioned papier-maché food.

We have nothing against Miss O'Neill and it is doubtful if she designed the Kewpie for what it has since become—a travesty on the name of doll. Since kewpies have taken to wearing bathing suits and marcelled wigs that is all right—it is as it should be. It is only when they invade the home in the guise of baby doll, than which there is nothing more sweet, that we feel that innocence itself has been defrauded. For the kewpies are not really innocent—they are not really young. They are sophisticated, learned in the ways of the world—not to be mentioned in the

same breath as the baby dolls with their straight, sweet features, their dimples, their modest curving legs swathed in the daintiest of little frocks.

Another toy which seems to have passed into oblivion is the Stuffed Cat and her Kittens. Words fail to describe the placidity, the adorable fatness of these creatures as they sat in the corner of the nursery, identical as to attitude, upright and unyielding, their tails curled around their feet. The mother cat was big enough to hold comfortably in your arms like a baby, she had a blue ribbon and a painted bell about her neck and great, amber eyes that never blinked. Her cloth shoulders were firm and rounded until they became dimpled with age and with the cotton which base marauders stole from her seams. The kittens were of a handy size to fling about like bean-bags and the entire family had a prestige—what modern psychologists would call a “presence”—that the toys of to-day entirely lack. How often and how wistfully have we searched shops and shelves for some remembrance, some lingering trace of the cloth cat and kittens, but while they have expensive cats proudly clad in their own fur the little family that we love is never there.

Doll houses deserve a chapter—a volume, even, to themselves. How naïve they were with their fronts knocked out so that you could see dolls in every stage of family life, dolls playing the piano, dolls eating dinner, dolls going to bed, a pink doll even taking a bath with a cake of soap the size of a pea! The baby doll was always on the point of retiring in a fluffy crib with a very starched nurse attached.

The domestic arrangements of dolls were charmingly simple. Four large rooms they demanded and, if possible, a hallway and a pair of little stairs. Almost any number of dolls could, in case of emergency, be accommodated in one room. When my cousin's dolls came to call en masse—father, mother, six children and the nurse they ended by all spending the night very happily with their host and hostess in the front bed-room.

We can remember the day electricity was first installed in the doll's house and by co-ordination with the nursery switch it was possible for the dolls to announce their arrival by a masterly peal on the front door bell. Of late years all this has been done away



with and no dolls are so poor that they do not have the bed-room, the nursery, even the dining-room and hall trimly fitted out with electric light bulbs the size of quinine pills which really light.

There used to be a wonderful thing on the nursery table—so wonderful that it had no name. It resembled in appearance the electric torch of to-day and when you looked into it there was a glittering rose window, a swift kaleidoscope of changing colors—squares and prisms and circles that shifted and whirled into one another. Its only rival was the sugar Easter egg with a hole at one end through which you could see an amplified winter landscape with two bunnies wheeling colored cabbages inside.

What has become of the crystal ball which, turned upside down, became a whirling snow storm, and the strange thing with colored beads strung across its frame so that it gave out an alluring clicking noise when moved? The children of to-day do not have fairy tiles in their fireplaces or perhaps it is that there are no more nursery fireplaces with a bear rug in which to catch your feet and they have real canary birds who sing and scatter seed instead of a bird who was really a battered Easter stuffed one until you made him an improvised cage. Yet pretend things never really go out of fashion—there are still children who revel in comb music and who love the top of their grandfather's house because it is the deck of a ship.

The children of to-day will live to cherish it just as we do and will try, as we do, to discover the way back. For it isn't dolls or scents or sugared eggs that gives it charm, but only that we are allowed for once in our lives, through those enchanted eyes of childhood, to see things as they really are. Later on we are apt to find the world a disappointing place. Adventures, even the most lurid of them, don't quite live up to our expectations. Happiness falls just short of the story-book descriptions. Prince Charming wears a suit and tie like everybody else—he does not come riding on a charger. The nightingale has been lost somewhere in the forest and the apples of the Hesperides are not really made of gold. There is only one Age of Romance, that delectable age when the dining-room table is an ocean liner, the bed a hill for pillowed sheep and the vast, unpeopled stretches of the library carpet are winding roads to lands unknown.

# Silhouettes

## I.

### *A Wife*

BY JULIA M. PETERKIN.

I dunno wha fo' say bout Hester an how 'e do me. Atter we done lib togedder all dis long time, 'e do me dis! I don' see how 'e could a had de hea't fo' do em.

All 'bout nuttin too.

Das de way wid 'oman. You could'n' reason wid em nohow at dey set dey haid.

I ain' nebber mistreat Hester een my life. Eby year Gawd sen', at de crop done gadder, I le' em go to de sto' an' buy 'e se'f shoe an' hat an' t'ing. I don' be noways ha'd on em no time. I perwide fo' em, I eencourage em all I kin, an' now 'e gone an' do me so.

Hester ain' nebber un'erstan' how a man an' a 'oman is a diffunt t'ing. Gawd mek em diffunt f'om de sta't, enty?

A man ain' mek fo' set down home all de time, fo' patch an' quilt an' say 'e prays lak 'e mek 'oman fo' do.

When de crop de grown' an' de grass de grow long wid em, I kin stay home all de time an' wuk an' be des as satisfy; but at de cotton done pick an' gin, an de cawn done een de ba'n, an' de cane done grine an' de lasses mek, wha' I fo' do home den?

De night so long too. Jesus! Long 'bout Chrismus, seem lak one night is long ez two, tree days een June. I 'blige to walk roun' some.

But Hester, 'e git bex den, an' say I de run roun'. *Run roun'*. My Gawd! Des cause I walk out 'cross de fiel' fo' ketch a lil fresh air an' mebbe stop a lil w'ile at somebody house fo' talk—Hester gone an' git all swell-up wid me. Den 'e won' talk. 'E won' say a t'ing. 'E des set an' look bex.

Las' week I git cross wid em fo' true. Hester kin aggerwate me plum to deat' anyhow.



One mawnin' las' week, I say somet'ing to em—Hester talk back—I tell em fo' shet 'e mout'—'E tell me fo' shet my-own.

You know das a ha'd t'ing fo' a man fo' tek off a 'oman, specialty at 'e done ma'ied to em. A 'oman ain' fo' talk sich a talk to 'e husband! No!

I haul off an' slap em. Jesus Gawd! De debbil was tu'n loose den. Words run out 'e mout same lak water run down de gully atter rain. I couldn' stop em no matter how I try. An' de mo' 'e talk, de mo' 'e say!

Den 'e gone in de shed room an' tek eby bit de rations an' t'row em een de ya'd. Yes, 'e is!

All de grits an' de meal an' de bacon! All de rice! Eby bit! All dem sugar an' coffee I buy out de sto! Eby Gawd's t'ing! 'E trow en way!

I holler at em. Great Gawd, 'e ain' hear me! 'E so bex 'e do lak 'e deaf! 'E ain' much ez t'un 'e eye on me.

At 'e done t'row way all, eben den 'e ain' satisfy. 'E git 'e hoe an' bus down de tater bank. 'E git 'e axe an' gone up side de wash pot. I baig em fo' don' do dat. Dat pot was de bes' t'ing on de place. I plead wid em. I say, "Hester, how we gwine bile clothes an' t'ing? How we gwine mek la'd at you broke de pot?"

Shucks! 'E ain' much ez mek me a answer. 'E done it! At all dat I say to em, 'e done it anyhow!

Den 'e gone een de house an' put 'e hat on 'e haid an gone! Gone straight on down de road. 'E ain' much ez tu'n 'e haid fo' look back! No!

'E gone down de country to 'e mammy house. I know dat whe' 'e gone. Now I got to git all dese t'ing straighten up here home an den hitch up an' go all da ways fo' fetch em home.

Come? Who? Hester? Sho 'ell come. 'E ain' ha'dly git settle good befo' 'e been sta't fo' tu'n 'e eye down de road fo' see ef I de comin' at em yet.

Yestiddy mawnin', I t'ink on em an' I talk wid my own se'f. I say "I gwine la'n Hester fo' don' do so. I gwine lef' em lone. At 'e gone by 'e own accord, den 'e kin come back by em. I ain' gwine at em." I sesso, des so—lak I tell you.

But dis mawnin', I git up, I t'ink on em. I miss em too bad. I gwine. Soon's I git dat mule hitch up, I gwine.

At Hester done t'ink on all dat 'e do, 'e'll be too shame lessen I go at em. 'E wouldn' ha'dly want to face me. No. Not lessen I go git em.

Hester is a good 'oman. Des lak a lot o' 'omans 'e des ain' got it straight een 'e haid how Gawd ain' mek mens so dey crave fo' set roun' home tummuch een de night. I dunno huccome, but seem lak a man is mos blige to pleasure hisse'f a lil sometimes—een de night. Yes 'e is.

### *A Crutch*

Miss, I come fo' see you 'bout gittin' Ellis fo' mek a crutch fo' mal lil boy. Da same lil one wha' git e' laig cut off een de hay-press.

Oh, he's gittin on des ez fine ez kin be. Lossin' a laig ain' seem to worry em none tall. Eben when 'e been fus do em, 'e ain' fret bout em.

Seem lak 'e t'ink 'bout em lak dis. 'E know I been tol' em fo' don' play too close roun' da mushine. 'E ain' been listen at me. 'E gone close em.

Den de mushine ketch 'em an' clip off 'e laig same lak 'e clip off de wire roun' de hay when 'e bale em.

Da boy ain' say nuttin. 'E know I been tol' em.

De doctor, 'e come. 'E look. 'E trim off de ragged meat. 'E sew em. Da lil boy look at all dem wha' de doctor do. 'E eye big an' shine. 'E ain' so much ez flinch. 'E hol' hisse'f still same lak de doctor been sew 'e pants laig stid o' 'e meats laig.

'E's got a brabe ha't eenside em, sho.

Now 'e's git so 'e kin play roun' same's any o' de chillen, a-hoppin lak one o' dese here lil sparrow-bu'd. 'E kin do mos' any kinder somet'ing nudder dem udder chillen do, up tell now.

But when de free school sta't las Monday a week gone, 'e tek notion fo' go. 'E say 'e wan' la'n fo' read.

Ef 'e been had all two o' 'e feets, I wouldn' bodder. But be-in's how 'e ain' got but des one, mebbe readin' ain' gwine hu't em.

I t'ink on how 'e gwine plow. I don' ha'dly see how 'e kin hop long een do sof' ground an' hol' de plow straight to de row. Not wid one o' 'e feets gone.

Las' Monday a week gone, 'e git up an' dress 'ese'f clean an say 'e gwine to school. 'E gone too.

Sence den, eby day 'e git up soon an' do all 'e task fo' 'e eat. Den 'e gone. I watch em.

'E hop off spry een de mawnin, a-laughin'. But I see how 'e come home een de ebenin', a-hoppin slow lak 'e fag out. I see.

De hill too steep fo' em fo' hop up. Da fus hill is mo' bad-der'n de nex' one. 'E kin go down em. Een de mawnin' 'e go so joyful it mek me glad for see em. De udder chillen couldn' leab em nohow.

But when 'e sta't fo' come up em, it labor em mighty ha'd. It weary em. 'E haffer hop high fo' mek progress up de hill by de hill so steep.

I t'ink on em een my mind. I t'ink on a crutch fo' em. A leetle size crutch fo' he'p em push hisse'f up de hill when 'e comin' home een de ebenin.

Nun Keitt kin mek good crutch fo' man an ol', slow-movin' people. But de one him mek de heaby, too heaby fo' chillen.

You' Ellis here to de ya'd, him hab a good haid an' den 'e hab sharp tool an' t'ing. 'E might could mek a good chillen crutch, a light one so 'e wouldn' weight em down neither hol' em back an' hamper em. Den 'e could come home joyful een de ebenin' same lak 'e gone off een de mawnin'.

Yes ma'am. Tank-you, ma'am.



# Winter Wheat

BY MARY DALLAS STREET.

The pines spoke always to him of how they had sung to her. The yellow jasmine, its fragile golden cups, every bird that sang, these things were all to him less real in his actual vision of them than that they had been her memories. He saw her standing in the firelight, the wind of a northern winter volleying about the house, and the breeze that touched his face and stirred the pines above him became her voice that night telling of the South she loved, this wide flat land that lay about him now with its far dim horizon, its shimmering marshes, its soft slow moving clouds. She had loved the northern land she went to, its rolling hills, its trees in winter drawn against the sky; as he was seeing them now, one against the other, so must she have seen them that snowy night.

When had it snowed again? Through the winter there had been storms, but after the first they had been to him things risen out of the past to be put aside, to be refused feeling or response. For when that first snow had come he had gone out in it with a gladness of habit and suddenly, how well he remembered, he was weary of it, weary of the ceaselessness of its white fall. With the song of a red-bird in his ears, with his hands against the warm earth, his whole mood came back to him, his very thoughts. He had felt, a year before he would have loved it, loved the spinning patterns of its thousand flakes, but now—if he could brush it aside like a curtain from before his eyes (he remembered the gesture he had made) or if he could but go deeply enough into it—would he find her there with the snow flakes in her hair? It seemed to him he must. A year ago he had so found her and had bent his head with a half kiss to the warm red-gold of her hair where the snow lay beneath her seal-skin cap. “Dearest,” he had said, “why doesn’t it melt at once there, against that color?” and she had answered him in the light, sweet, living voice that was joy to him, that it was because, as she had told him a thousand times, so much that he saw in her was in his own eyes, and he heard his own voice, “But I thought love was blind”, and their laughter together in the white stillness.

A year ago. The words hurt him as they had hurt him then. That had been six months after her death and now another spring had come with its sunlight and its trees in leaf. He remembered the sunlight of the day she died. Full spring it was, not this wistful, hinted loveliness but a glad golden world. He had stood in the long window and looked out over the valley as she had looked with him a hundred times. The road ran past the window, the road that ran to White Marsh and the hills beyond. She had always spoken of it as "your road" because as a boy he had so loved the far misty valley with its strange sad name. She had heard and treasured all his fancies. Coming to her in his early teens, shy, lonely, unhappy, feeling disgraced by a temper that got away with him time after time, he had found no room within himself for temper any more. The noble trees, the long sloping hillsides, the roads that ran so strongly broad and white in winter, mysterious, dancing with the shadows of a thousand leaves in summer, these had been his outward world—these and the house her spirit filled.

The rich quiet library with the special window that they loved had been heaven to him from the first. If he sat there quietly, quietly, she might come in at any minute. And she would come and know by his smile that he had been waiting, hoping for her; and her own face would grow gentle, tender almost to tears yet laughing and moving him to happy mirth.

He had loved that room and next to it his own with his high white bed. He would lie there in the darkness touching lightly the wall by his side, seeing its gray stone outer surface and all the country that he loved beyond. Sometimes the wind from White Marsh would go roaring by and he could hear the great trees bend to its rush and his chest would ache with the thought of their rocking branches and the long miles of the wind. Sometimes the night outside would be so cold and clear that he could catch the very rustle of a passer-by with his foot-falls echoing to the stars, but always he would keep himself awake waiting for her good-night. There would come a slight creak at the door, then a bar of light as it opened, darkness again and she standing above him, and it seemed to him always as if the walls of the room dissolved and they stood in a meadow shaped like a bowl, a meadow filled

with trees in bloom, with flowers that ran like light through the grass and that the fragrance of the trees was more than he could bear while he waited for her to speak. She would stoop, "Good-night," and he would let his arms drag themselves from her neck—and there would be the morning and the sunlight that came to find her hair.

Then, as he grew older, the long days together snatched from her busy life. Physically she might have sat for *The Portrait of a Lady*, and he was so proud of her. He smiled remembering how he held himself when her cape was on his arm. Talking to her, all his mind on tip-toe, he felt all that was fine and good, gentle and wise and beautiful in all the world blowing about them like the air they breathed, and he conscious all the time of his awkwardness, his heavy inarticulateness, but knowing that she saw all that he wanted to be—she who had so many people who already were.

"Dearest," he said one day, "when you go off with me like this that thing of Browning's keeps running in my head,

'for me discarding

'Yon Heaven thy home that waits and opes its door.'"

She had answered, laughing, that that was a rather highly colored picture and, speaking intently, that the door she wanted was his door for him to find the way to all she thought he could be. Then just as he felt himself growing, felt this spring running full and sweet, felt that fault growing a thing little to overthrow, felt a quiet centered something in himself emerging, saw her joy in him, her hope, and seeing that, felt all loveliness near his hand, she died, and the door to all he could be led to nothingness. Since that day he had felt like a man walking backwards, a man who wondered often why he went on at all.

Across the marshes where the city lay, the steeples of St. Michael's and St. Philip's caught the evening sun. Of how many lives was their history, their intangible beauty built, and for what? She had said once that she did not believe in defeat, that there was no defeat that could not be turned into victory. Where was victory here? He knew why "Death is final" had become a platitude. If your finger was cut off there was no finger there.



He might have known that before but he hadn't! Yet the thing that it was cut off from remained or else there were no separation. What she had made him he still was; neither could anyone say that the years she had lived were not. They were, and they could never not be. Could any time ever be done? He would have lost only in never having known her. And yet what denial of the agony of grief. That day in the library—it seemed to him that his feet had rocked under him, that wave after wave of the knowledge of her death, each more towering, more deep, had swept over him until he felt himself a midget, a speck lost in a sea whose nameless tides were set for shores he might not know. By all the exquisite years of her love he sought to turn defeat to victory, but what victory was witnessed in grief and how dismiss that testimony? One August night he had slept on the crest of a great mountain-range. He had fallen heavily asleep after midnight and when he woke it was to see the face of the young dawn. It seemed to him his heart had stood still, and that in the hush that filled the sky and lay like color over the dreaming mountains he might hear the very voice of God speaking to the new day. Here in this exquisite stillness, this washed, this pale ineffable beauty was no slipping away of night, rather all the stupendous energy of earth had been to rend that darkness like a womb. The day had gone down in night and here was the new day.

"Though he slay me yet will I trust him." That had been magnificent faith to him before and nothing more. Now he saw that there was not one drop of ocean that was not salt. Why had she loved him? She had loved all that touched her because she saw their common Godhood. The seeds of herself that she had left in him were to come to no such growth—as he had thought, growth warmed and fed by her presence, given to her, but they were to bear like winter wheat. That much for grief, that much.

As for the future years, where did men think the future years drew from? What a strange ribbon-like thing they made of time that was as deep, as wide as it could ever be. She was there as she had been in the years before he knew her, untouchable, unseen, but there inextricably until he found her, for he had found her once, until he walked again the way of her feet "by what eternal streams."

# The First Euramerican

BY MICHAEL MONAHAN.

The other day I picked up at a second-hand book stall, "Lotus-Eating" by George William Curtis; imprint of the Harpers, date 1852. I took the little volume home and read it with a curious interest, not on account of any merit in the work, but mainly for that it was the production of George William Curtis.

I wonder if the Class in Literature could tell us anything about him? Probably not, though he bulked large among his contemporaries, wrote several books and was one of the great men at Harpers' when that famous house stood without a rival—the substance of a mighty name.

George William was the first of our literary men to part his hair in the middle and the last to wear whiskers. He recalls the "Keepsake" era, to which he in part belonged, with its literary artificialities and *fade* sentiment. He was something of a dandy, and there is a suggestion of the d'Orsay pose in his earlier portraits. Also he was of a personality not unpleasing to the ladies, and his "literature" did no violence to their powers of appreciation. His connection with the Harpers (he long edited the "Monthly") and his "literary works" gave him a prestige which at first blush is not easy to understand. That indeed explains why I bought his book; it was an early production of his, I knew, and I wished to study him at the source.

I found the book entertaining for what it told or suggested of George William and for the answer it made to the conundrum of his fame and success. The author, thus early, posed as a *Euramerican* (if I may coin the word) and affected a superior tone in writing of and to his fellow countrymen. He loads his pages with exotic quotation and observation; tells you of his foreign travels when his business is to describe the Hudson and the Catskills; insinuates disparagement of America and things American with or without pretext; minces like a man-milliner and often moralizes like a Turveydrop (see especially the chapter on Saratoga). Intellectually he has succeeded in denationalizing himself and is almost confessedly proud of the fact, yet he never fails to betray himself as an American snob of the first water. It is written

across this book from the first page, when he ambles forth on his travels with Herrick's poems under his arm, to the last when he bids farewell to Newport in some pretty trifling verses; it peeps out in his sentimental reflections; it is lugged in at every turn and on the slightest occasion. But for all that we should be grateful—if it were not for George William's snobbery we should never be able to get through his book!

Along with this temperamental and spiritual quality there goes a "preciousness" of style that here and there marks some very amusing effects. For his artificial soul and his factitious personality George William had invented an entirely adequate style. But with all his anxious display of exotic haberdashery he can not write, save as an amateur. It may well amaze the Class in Literature that a writer of George William's fame could have turned out such twaddle as this (of which "Lotus-Eating" offers not a few examples)—

"Not four days away from the city, I have not yet done roaming, bewildered with the summer's breath, through the garden, smelling of all the flowers and returning to lie upon the lawn, and bask, dreaming in the July sun. What a cold word is 'beautiful' to express the 'ecstasy' which, in some choice moments of midsummer, suddenly overwhelms your mind, like an unexpected and exquisite thought!"

George William is very careful never to "overwhelm" us in the manner described, but he often diverts us with specimens of the following curiously laboured and affected expression:

"A sharp-faced, thought-furrowed, hard-handed American, with his anxious eye and sallow complexion, his nervous motion and concentrated expression, and withal, accoutred for travelling in blue coat with gilt buttons, dark pantaloons, patent leather boots, and silk vest hung with charms, chains and bits of metal, as if the Indian love of lustre lingered in the Yankee, is not unlike one of these steamers



whose machinery, driving it along, jars the cut glass and the choice centre-tables and crimson-covered lounges, and with a like accelerated impetus would shiver the filigree into splinters."

I don't know what George William is driving at in this paragraph, but I do know it is a fair example of the literary talent exhibited in "Lotus-Eating", which the Harpers made into a book in the year 1852. (By the way, in that very year while George William aired his superior culture and laboured his esthetic fancies about the Hudson, etc., a shambling boy at Hannibal, Mo., was looking for a job on a steamboat and preparing himself to write the prose epic of the Mississippi. Lucky for us that Mark Twain arrived to save us from the tribe of George William). It may console some aspiring beginners who have not yet been able to get published, that the above quoted abuse of type and paper was perpetrated in the name of Literature!

In the old books of rhetoric that we studied in my youth there were given examples of the *true* and the *false* Sublime, to the end that we might learn to identify and accurately differentiate them in our compositions. I can tell the Class in Literature that it is not every day one chances upon so rare and perfect a specimen of the *false sublime* as this which I here cull from George William:

"When I was on the Faulhorn, the highest point in Europe upon which a dwelling house is placed, and that inhabited for only three months in the year, I stepped out in the middle of the night, and as I looked across the valley of Grindelwald and saw the snow-fields and ice-precipices of all the *Horns*—never trodden and never to be trodden by man—shining cold in the moonlight, my heart stood still as I felt that *those awful peaks and I were alone* in the solemn solitude. Then I felt the significance of Switzerland, and knew the sublimity of mountains."

If the Alps are conscious (as Turgenev imagines, in one of his prose fancies) then it must have been an equally thrilling

moment for them when they found themselves alone with George William!

The literary style of this long admired author reminds one of nothing so much as the "skeleton" dress suit which undertakers provide for their defunct clients—all front and no back. He was not the inventor of it, even in this country (there was his prototype, the elegant and dandiacal N. P. Willis), but I think he "got across" with it (as we say now) more successfully than any other of our literati. This is distinction of a sort; and at very least it assures George William a place among the curiosities of the printed word.

I shall not ask the reader to go further with George William and his slim, gilded soul. We have had enough of his lotus banquet, nor would I have paid him this passing tribute but that some smack of his spirit still remains in our literature—some echo and reflection of his characteristic pose among our aspiring authors. No doubt it is still as tempting to a certain kind of vanity, but on the whole it is not so apt to be profitable as it was in the days of George William.

(The reader is warned against taking this little depreciation too seriously, since there be moods in which we think more kindly of George William and his literary legacy—other portions of it, to be sure. But if he still refuses to smile at our irreverent handling of a former Idol, and if it be allowable to bring unequal things into comparison, let him turn to Mark Twain's "revaluation" of the great Fenimore Cooper.—M. M.)

# The Daguerreotype

BY BEN RAY REDMAN.

When I first saw the old man, I was sitting alone in the Café Rochambeau, killing time before the theatre. Lingered over my coffee with an exceptionally dull number of *La Vie*, I had put aside the flapping magazine to seek in the spectacle of my fellow diners the entertainment which the printed page did not afford. My chances for this sort of entertainment were, perhaps, better in the Rochambeau than they would have been in any other restaurant in New York. It is a magnet for diverse and interesting types. Entering its door, a good stone's throw from lower Fifth Avenue, one experiences the sense of a sudden geographical dislocation. There is, within, a pervading quiet; an atmosphere in which leisure seems an inalienable right, not a stolen respite from the day's required activity. It is a Continental back-water in the largest city of the New World, where many an uprooted alien takes refuge from an environment unnatural to his soul. The current of metropolitan traffic, precipitate and noisy, whirls round the Rochambeau; within there is calm. It is a place where one naturally lingers—over coffee, the illustrated magazines, a chess board, or the talk of friends.

Scanning the faces around me—in so many of which the Latin features were clearly marked—my glance fell upon an old man, seated alone, like myself, at a table beside the big glass window which, running the width of the dining room, gives directly upon the street only a few feet below. Obviously, however, the pageant of the lighted street did not tempt him; if his table was a chosen point of vantage, the scene without was not his object. He was watching the door of the restaurant with a curious, an almost painful intentness, as though he expected momentarily the entrance of a friend who would dissipate his loneliness. But the alertness, the tenseness, of his attitude predicted no casual engagement.

Had it not been for his eyes he would have been unremarkable. Certainly, his face and his clothes announced that he belonged to another age and another land than those in which he found himself; but his conflict with his environment was un-



obtrusive. He was, I thought, at least eighty. His head was bowed beneath a weight of white hair, and the hand which reached across the table toward his long glass of black coffee was knotted and lean. The general effect given by his clothes was one of squareness: they did not fall in the curving lines of contemporary fashion, or in the ample folds often associated with age. They fitted his spare frame, and save for their angularity of outline were scarcely notable, being a dull black. A heavy gold chain barred his square-cut waistcoat. Above a low collar, which held a black string tie, his face was deeply furrowed, cast into shadows by the high ridge of his thin, aquiline nose. From the shadows his eyes peered.

It was his eyes which caught and held me; save for the involuntary glances which I threw toward the door in reaction to his own expectancy. Beneath heavy brows, his eyes seemed actually glowing with a strange light. As each newcomer passed through the door, which was half the room's length away from him, he rose slightly in his chair and leaned forward, peering eagerly, only to sink back again with an apparent gesture of disappointment. After each failure, he shook his old head sadly, and for a moment his shoulders sagged perceptibly; but then he was all alertness again, his glance running swiftly about the room, omitting no single figure in its inventory, coming to rest always at the door.

From the first the man fascinated me for no explicable reason; and I shared his vigil with more than idle curiosity, wondering what sort of person would reward it. When the clock told me it was time to start for the theatre, I left with regret. I felt I had missed the last chapter of my imagined drama. As I passed along the sidewalk beneath the broad glass window, I saw that his face was still turned resolutely, hopefully, toward the interior of the restaurant.

I suppose I had forgotten the old fellow completely before the rise of the curtain that night. But some weeks later, when I again encountered him, he did not cross my path as a stranger. He was a man in whose experience I felt I had had some share. As before, I was in the Rochambeau; but this time I was not alone. I was playing chess, near the window, with Grenville Holt,

when the old chap came through the door; and I spied him instantly, as I was leaning back in my chair awaiting my opponent's move. In a flash I was curious to know whether or not he had been rewarded for the long wait I had witnessed; but my question immediately gave place to interest in his present behaviour. Before taking his seat at the table by the window, apparently a favorite place, he made a complete circuit of the room, pausing before each table for a moment. Bending forward, he scrutinized every diner with those extraordinary eyes of his, deliberately, insistently, hopefully. But after each examination he shook his head and passed on. Some of the persons thus scrutinized returned his stare with interest,—one girl giggled aloud, half in fright I thought. Others did not lift their faces toward him. Whatever his reception, the old fellow proceeded unhurriedly on his course. When his eyes bored into mine I was conscious of a whole sea of bewilderment behind his glance. I smiled friendly; but no reflection mirrored in his face. As with the others, he shook his head in disappointment, in puzzlement, and passed on.

I attracted Holt's attention to him. He looked up from the board on which he had been concentrating.

"Oh, that old chap," he commented. "Yes; I've seen him about here for the last year or so. Saw him in the Brevoort a half dozen times, and in Broad's and the Lafayette. Curious old codger."

"He must be looking for someone," I suggested.

"If he is, he's disappointed. I've never seen a soul speak to him." Holt's gaze reverted to the board, and he moved his black bishop with decision.

But I had lost interest in the game and, twisting slightly in my chair, I glanced at the old man from time to time, observing that his conduct was the same as it had been two weeks before. This time, however, he had an oblong strip of cardboard propped up against his coffee glass. It was there, it seemed, for purposes of comparison: he would study each newcomer with care, and then bend his gaze upon the little piece of cardboard, and after each examination there followed that wistful, baffled, sad shake of the head. I knew that the object leaning against his glass must be a photograph.

My chess was suffering from inattention, and Holt announced check in two. Swiftly I confirmed the correctness of his conclusion, and knocked my king over in ungraceful submission. After which I devoted myself surreptitiously to the old man by the window.

His scrutiny of the room continued, painfully. I felt the acuteness of his tension. Then a woman, grey and small and round, came through the door, and marched determinedly to the old man's table. He ignored her presence. She touched his sleeve, but he shook off her fingers impatiently. She sat down opposite him, and began to talk in hurried, high-pitched French. She was pleading with him to come home. It was time to go home. It was past time. It was late; and she pointed dramatically to the clock. He shrugged his shoulders indifferently and continued to divide his attention between the photograph and the door. The woman continued her pleading, but in a monotonous voice as though she were going through an old routine. The man did not move. Finally, her patience nearing exhaustion, the woman threw a despairing glance about the room, and her eye caught mine. She seemed to hail me as a friend, for she half rose as if to come toward me, and involuntarily I started up. In an instant she was beside me, appealingly fingering the lapel of my coat, speaking excellent English.

"Will M'sieu be so kind as to come and speak to my husband. He is so old, and at times a little difficult. It is really time that he should go home. But he is so used to me that he gives no heed. I tell him again and again that he is not here, that he will not come, that it is no use to wait. But he is so obstinate. Will M'sieu tell him that he will not come? Sometimes he will heed a stranger."

I stammered, "Who,—who do you mean isn't coming?"

"He is waiting for some one who will not come. But he will not believe me. Perhaps M'sieu could speak to him?"

I understood no more than before, but the little woman was so helplessly appealing that I acted on impulse. Together we approached the old man; he did not notice us. At the moment he was peering intently at what I had guessed was a photograph.



Looking over his shoulder, I saw that it was an old daguerreotype, mounted on card-board; the picture of a young man, standing straight and lithe and handsome. Then I thought that I understood. Following my instructions, I spoke quietly.

"You would better go home," I assured him. "I am quite sure that he will not come here to-night."

My voice startled him. He looked up, with that strange light glowing in his eyes. Then he spoke for the first time, carefully, hesitantly, like one testing an unfamiliar footing. "You—are quite sure?" There was a pathetic quality in the tone of his question.

I nodded confidently, wondering at my ridiculous importance in this affair. Apparently my words were taking effect: his wife bobbed her head encouragingly from behind his back. The old man lifted the little daguerreotype tenderly, and then hid it furtively in an inner pocket of his coat. He looked at me again, with a momentary glimmer of mistrust, and repeated: "You are sure?"

All I could do was to nod once more.

"It is strange," he murmured. "I should find him. Perhaps—I shall find him to-morrow. You think—?" He looked earnestly at me as though for confirmation of his hope. I smiled assurances. He arose, his wife giving me her voiceless benediction, and the old couple moved slowly across the room and through the door.

From the window, I watched them go down the street. The woman held resolutely to her husband's arm; but he would stop and turn to follow with his eyes every pedestrian. As I faced about to return to my table, I saw that the maitre d' hotel—a suave Frenchman, always correct, always imperturbable—stood beside me. He had apparently observed the little scene and, like myself, had watched the departing figures.

He sighed delicately, and murmured: "It is so sad, is it not, M'sieu?"

I felt that my mystery had slipped away from me, unsolved. "Yes," I acquiesced absently. "But that photograph? He is looking for his son no doubt?"

The Frenchman leaned forward attentively, as polite as though he were correcting some minor error in a patron's order.

"Ah! Then M'sieu does not know? No, it is not a picture of his son. It is so sad. Yes, he is looking for the boy in the photograph. But, is it not sad, M'sieu—it is a picture of himself taken some sixty years ago."

And with a murmured apology he moved away to usher a couple to their table by the wall.

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## Field Song

BY LOUISE M. GARY.

### I.

De yearf got so bad dat de Lawd He make a cleanin' day.  
He sont down His rain all de people to drown.  
Eb'body drowned 'cepin' Noah an' his fambly.  
(*Bress me, Lawd Jesus, wen de rain come down!*)

### II.

De Lawd sont de hail fo' to punish ole Pharoah,  
Hit fell by the bucket, hit fell by de poun'.  
Hit 'stroy all de craps of dem wicked Egyptians.  
(*Bress me, Lawd Jesus, wen de hail come down!*)

### III.

De groun' hit was dry an' de fleece hit was full er dew.  
De very nex' night 'twas de yuther way roun'.  
Gideon done know dat he Lawd 'ud fight for Israel.  
(*Bress me, Lawd Jesus, wen de dew come down!*)

### IV.

De Word am de seed dat was wasted in de wilderness.  
De Word am de seed dat was scorched on de groun'  
De Word am de seed dat was scorched on de groun'.  
(*Bress me, Lawd Jesus, wen de Word come down!*)

# The Year's Best Plays

BY GORDON KING.

After giving the Shaw Festival the precedence generally in literary significance for the present theatrical season, I shall give this month a brief account of the best plays of the year and next month an attempt at an interpretation and valuation of the year's work taken as a whole.

First of all it is not urged positively that the three plays here discussed are in any absolute sense the best plays presented during the season. Some have created more enthusiasm and sensation, others have had longer runs, and still others have escaped our notice. They have, however, certain characteristics in common that help them to stand the test of retrospective criticism. None of them engages in the hocus-pocus game of fooling the audience, and none of them attempts to nourish the spectators from a milk bottle. They are all sincere works of art in which the authors, sparing themselves not at all, give the best they have to give at the time of writing, without fear of the possible consequences at the box office or elsewhere. They were not composed for any particular or precious audiences, nor would it seem that they were intended as vehicles of expression for any individual players. In short, they all possess to a high degree the merit of sincerity which, coupled with artistic competence in their form and technique, sustains them in the memory.

"The Circle," by W. Somerset Maugham (produced by the Selwyns with a distinguished cast including John Drew, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Estelle Winwood, John Halliday, Ernest Lawford, and Robert Rendel), though it deals with modern life and modern people in a realistic way, suggests the presence of a neo-classic movement in the theatre. It is scrupulously formal; it is highly decorative, particularly in its style, without calling for extraordinary mechanical devices of stage craft; and it is firmly and skillfully restrained. Although the characters are absorbed in the romantic problem of the realization of the self as people are these days, behind it all there is a strong objective appeal to manners and morals that do not seem to belong to any particular individuals but to the race itself.



"The Circle" deals with a course of action repeating itself in the younger generation. Thirty years ago a mother ran away with her husband's secretary; to-day the wife of the son she left runs away with young Luton. The action of the story is of very little interest except in the wavering of the couple in the last act which is as brilliant a coup de théâtre as New York has seen in some time. What is interesting is the development of character as the play proceeds, the way in which each responds to the pressure of society, and the impotence of that pressure in the face of the elementary passions.

Mr. Maugham's fearlessness is as apparent in his construction as it is in his philosophy. He avoids nothing. He presents with amazing finish and conviction scenes that would have appalled most dramatists. Usually such things are done off stage. Take, for instance, the scene where Luton, who has almost nothing to recommend him except his good looks and frank, boyish nature, proposes to Elizabeth that they elope. On the face of it his offer is ridiculous. He has no money, no position, no prospects; he has nothing to offer her except his love and he proudly asserts that if she wishes for happiness in life she would do better to stay where she is. Nevertheless he is irresistible, not only to Elizabeth but to the audience as well, and she goes with this rash boy to the colonies, giving up everything that most women covet. Such scenes as these are not remarkable in the heat of realistic melodrama, nor in the wistfulness of romantic comedy, but to make them convincing and charming and at the same time wholly restrained, indicates accomplished dramatic art. The pleading of the elder couple, the admission that their lives were ruined by their own passionate elopement, avails nothing. It is really a bitter comedy, for there seems to be nothing to prevent us from completing the circle.

"He Who Gets Slapped", a Russian play by Leonid Andreyev, produced by the Theatre Guild, has the good fortune to begin where most plays leave off. We are introduced to the room behind the ring of a large circus where the players pass through and the manager has his desk. A man bursts in from the world outside and wishes to remain incognito, taking the part of a clown. Obviously he comes from the upper classes; he is a scholar and a

gentleman, and his object is to forget, to obliterate his past life. But this is impossible. The role that he has had in real life still clings to him and the only thing that he can find to do in the circus is to be the clown who gets slapped by the others.

As his past life reveals itself, it would seem that he has been a solitary genius from the university who has been fatally misunderstood. His wife has run off with a journalist who by simplifying, cheapening, and predigesting He's philosophy has made a fortune and a reputation in his own name.

In the circus He fares no better. He falls in love with a beautiful "equestrian tango queen" out of pity for her, and in order to prevent her from being married off to a disgusting sot of great age on terms of palpable degradation, he poisons her and himself.

That is of course too brief a summary of the vivid story about which the play is composed. It is full of delightful opportunities finely realized. What distinguishes this play is its hybrid, Russian form. The emphasis is laid upon color. Like Maxim Gorki's "Night Lodging", which had the misfortune to fail in New York a year or two ago (because it was misunderstood by the critics), "He Who Gets Slapped" is representative of a type of Russian play that has nothing similar in our theatre. It is neither comedy nor tragedy, neither melodrama nor social drama, but, very free in its construction, it admits of the elements of all four. In spite of this vagueness the play is strong; a novel atmosphere is sustained; the characters are sharply drawn, and they as well as the vivid and pictorial scenery hold the thing together.

Coming as it does after two thin plays by the same author, "The Truth About Blayds" by A. A. Milne (produced with the characteristic perfection of Mr. Winthrop Ames) was an unexpected pleasure. The first act introduced an ancient poet, the last to live from the great Victorian era. We meet his children and grandchildren who have spent their lives in his household, taking care of him in old age, preparing his biography, and yielding their personalities completely in the presence of his greatness. There are some slight material, social, and political gains to be derived from this for most of them, but in the case of Isabel, the

poet's favorite daughter, we are given to understand that the relation is one of sacrifice rather than benefit. In the second act the family gathers after his funeral and Isabel reveals the fact that the reason why she kept him from being buried in Westminster was that on his ninetieth birthday he had told her the secret of his life. At the age of twenty he had lived with a young poet, Jenkins, who had died leaving him all his manuscripts. Neither of them at that time had published anything, and Blayds realized that the work of his friend was far better than anything he had ever written. He therefore yielded to the temptation to publish some of Jenkins' verses in his own name, and from that time on he continued in his theft except for one volume of his own that the critics accepted only with grave reservations.

The situation of the family is therefore preposterous. Their honor, their property, their position in society are all stolen and should be restored. Isabel is in favor of complete and public restoration and in her struggle with the rest of the family the comedy is highly descriptive and enlightening. The tragedy is averted by the timely appearance of a will that left all the property to Blayds, and by the fact that the relatives of the late Jenkins are so obscure that their existence is a matter of doubt. Isabel, and here there is a wild dash from almost tragic comedy to uncontrolled sentimentalism, marries the man she put off some eighteen years ago in order to be a help to this old fraud of a father in the publication of the stolen verses.

The first act, undoubtedly the best, possesses fine artistic qualities. The preparation for what follows is subtly and thoroughly accomplished; the family is finely described, and the alleged poet strikingly drawn. He gives himself away by feeling impelled to tell an anecdote which is clearly self-revealing rather than interesting on its own account. The characterization is carried through the action with faultless realism. The same people who gather joyously about the ninetieth birthday celebration are all swept off their feet by the news of the second act, but they are so firmly constructed that in the third act you feel as though you have known them all your life. Only Isabel, with her flights of romance, is unbelievable.



"The Truth About Blayds", like "The Circle", is very serious comedy. It avoids social drama by the narrowest of margins and perhaps illegitimately. Here is a fine young woman who has all but ruined her life by sacrificing herself to a vicious old fraud. Not for nothing was Blayds said to be the last of the Victorians, and certainly the question whether the present generation is giving sacrifice to the false gods of the previous generation is an old one in the theatre.

Finally, even in so brief a discussion, it should be observed that "He Who Gets Slapped" is not strictly realistic because of its emphasis upon color and mood, that Mr. Maugham breaks away from realism on the side of classic restraint, and that Mr. Milne lightens his work by including a strain of sheer romantic sentiment. I shall attempt next month to indicate another road by which the contemporary drama tries to escape pure realism. In any event the question whether realism has seen its best days on our stage is an attractive matter for literary speculation.

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## Storm-Apparitions

BY CALE YOUNG RICE.

The white breasts  
Of poplar leaves  
Swim in the wind.  
Against the swirl  
Of night falling  
They seem as pale  
As the piteous souls  
Of children dead at birth,  
And adrift on Time  
From Nowhence to Nowhither.

# A Dream of Wings

BY VINCENT STARRETT.

One of the by-products of that larger conflict which overshadowed the puppet show south of Rio Grande, it will be recalled, was a popular ballad, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to be a Soldier"; the sentimental lament of a mother somewhat less Spartan than specious. . . . In Mexico, that sanguinary arena of American big business, such a song could not by any chance become a favorite, since all boys are potential soldiers, and all girls, by the same token, potentially are Spartan mothers. This epic situation is not entirely due to the unhallowed amours of the soldiery and the consequent breeding of belligerent infants; it is more properly the result of malnutrition and carefully enforced poverty.

An Indian, who for his labor in the fields has received some twenty *centavos* a day, torn from the plough and poured into a uniform to fight for his country at a fair promise of a *peso* a day, experiences a justifiable throb of patriotism when the bugles play "La Cucharacha" and the tatterdemalion ranks move haltingly forward to battle.

And, while ordinarily rifle shooting is not part of the curriculum of a well-ordered divinity school, nor hatred of one's fellow man part of the program of a saint's progress, in Mexico a priest with a shrewd eye and a ready trigger finger, is not of necessity an anomaly. He may have left the plough in disgust, between revolutions, to seek a sleeker living; or he may have followed his natural inclination, and joined the church after a distasteful experiment in compulsory patriotism—although only less hideous than war is the interior of a Mexican cathedral, with its bleeding plaster saints, and its agonized oils of perished martyrs.

And in Mexico, as elsewhere, there are worthy men who are of the cloth for reasons that can only do them credit.

As a boy, in the hills, Francisco Morales was possessed of an unique ambition. It was, some day, to take wings and soar away, far over the squalid rooftops of his native village, over the highest palm trees and mountains, over even el Pico de Orizaba and the great volcanoes of Popocatapetl and Ixtaccihuatl. He saw

himself as stopping for a time in Spain, and again in Rome to visit the Holy Father; but, for the most part, he only flew . . . flew . . . high over the earth, with rushing, shining wings and the voice of a trumpet.

This intoxicating vision was known to Francisco's parents, and to many of his friends. The latter, while they wondered, jeered; yet they stood in awe of Francisco. The splendor of his imaginings, the rarefied atmosphere of his intellectual flights were beyond them, and, vaguely, they feared him. But because he was an amiable and cheerful youth, they thought no evil of him. Dimly they comprehended a glory about his presence not entirely of the fields, and speculated concerning his future.

Actually, the boy was only a poet. In the circumstances, his parents, being shopkeepers and therefore less poverty-ridden than their neighbors, designed him for the church.

As Francisco grew to manhood and to churchly honors, he did not quite forget his dream of wings, although he knew it then for what it was. He had written sonorous verses to the Honor and the Glory, and he would write others. Further, he entertained a serious passion for the antiquities of his district, and in the intervals of his duties made little pilgrimages to profane Meccas not far enough distant to be expensive. His humility, however, was admirable; his attainments were less thought of by himself than by his superiors.

"It is curious," said Father Francisco, one spring morning, as he came away from a celebration of the mass. "Last night, I had again my boyhood dream of wings. I thought it had gone forever; I had not dreamed it for years."

"Perhaps it is a precursor of a noble poem," replied the priest with whom he spoke, "or an appointment that will take you from us to the great cathedral in the City."

"No," smiled the dreamer. "More likely it was entirely without meaning. I had been thinking of my parents, and was carried back to a day when the dream was more usual. Yet . . ."

He hesitated. After a moment, he continued: "I seemed to be in the belfry of a great church, high up among the bells, although the bells were silent; and from that lofty position I was

looking down into the white streets of a city, onto a confusion of persons bent upon destroying the church, and me, and all that for which I and the church have stood. Quite suddenly, I saw that I had wings; and I spread them and flew outward . . .”

“Yes?”

“That was all. It ended there; but I was troubled when I awoke.”

“And where, Father, was the great church?”

“Ah, that I do not know. And yet I seemed to know, as I stood there among the silent bells.”

The word that American war vessels were on the way to Vera Cruz, distressed Father Francisco profoundly. Of late there had been many things to distress him. The revolution that had unseated Diaz, followed by the innumerable greater horrors, were still fresh in his mind—the murder of that other dreamer, Madero; the accession of the soldier Huerta; the sanguinary chapter threatened by Carranza and Villa. But the approach of hostilities with the great power to the north was particularly abhorrent.

For the most part, when American arms invaded Mexico for the second time, the good clergymen of Vera Cruz tucked up their cassocks and fled to the sanctuary of their churchly dwellings, from which refuges, courageously enough, they ventured forth to comfort the fallen of their race. Most of these latter were beyond assistance, however, other than that posited by the burning of candles for their souls.

Father Francisco was among the first to hasten down from his mountain parish to mingle with the panic-stricken soldiery falling back from the captured seaport.

The waterfront was in the hands of the enemy, and the Americans were pushing forward along half a dozen thoroughfares to the heart of the city. Street fighting was in violent progress in the principal arteries, and machine guns sprayed ruin at advantageous intersections. The dead, as yet, lay where they had fallen, sneeringly lifeless, and to the number were being added others as the moments passed.



No breeze from the gulf stirred the miasma of blood and sweat, as the priest pressed into the city. High over the shambles a flotilla of *zopilotes* dipped and soared. In the intervals of firing, he could faintly hear the flapping of their sable wings. He knew the feast they awaited, and his stomach revolted. A faintness stole over him; he tottered, clutching wildly at a hurrying figure in uniform. . . .

"Wings!" he muttered. . . .

Then the arms of the uniform were around him, and a face was looking out of its collar.

"Hurry to the church, Father!" shouted the officer who had steadied him. "Don't wait! Our men are mad; you may be killed by either side if you loiter. . . . Run!"

He pointed furiously toward the great cathedral, a block distant, and himself darted off in another direction. The priest, his vision cleared by the encounter, remembered that he was still young. Trussing up his garments, he ran forward and reached the cathedral doorway. As he fumbled at the panel, a gush of men swept around the corner and seemed to fall forward in a body upon the door he was assaulting.

With an animal snarl, the priest turned to confront them . . . but they were his own countrymen, harassed and driven, seeking refuge in the temple. He passed in with them, borne rapidly forward by the pressure from behind.

At the door, a great voice began to roar commands. The Major in charge of the retreating group was profaning the cathedral with his curses, as he called his men to barricade the door. Then the pressure subsided, and after a moment Father Francisco was alone.

He wandered more deeply into the darkened church, and the coolness of the shadows were like cooling cloths on his brow. He prostrated himself before the central shrine, and for a time he prayed.

The confusion at the door continued, but he heard it now as at a great distance, and it did not disturb him. After a time, he quietly rose and went in search of the Major.

"Surely there is no danger of an attack on the cathedral?" he asked.

"No," grunted the officer addressed. "The pigs won't come here. We're safe as long as we keep inside. I was cut off with only a few men," he added, with the priest's eye upon him. "We should have been slaughtered had we not retreated. We shall be slaughtered now if we leave. It is death in the streets!"

Father Francisco nodded understanding. A slow smile began to dawn upon the face of the Mexican major.

"Santa Maria!" he exclaimed, at length. "We can pick them off from the tower! It will be like shooting at clay pigeons!"

He wheeled and roared a series of incoherent orders at his men.

"You mean you would shoot at them from the belfry?" queried the priest.

"Why not?" blustered the astonished officer.

Father Francisco reflected. Why not, indeed? Those without were invaders, and those with him were soldiers whose duty it was to hurl them back. Those with him were his countrymen, and their cause was just . . . was it not? It was for Mexico they fought.

Yet the sudden fire from the cathedral might be the ruin of every church in the republic, if it were an unusual precedent. He considered the problem from many points of view. When he looked up, the Major and his men had vanished.

It stole over him that there must be other priests in the church. Where had they taken refuge? He had not looked. Still thoughtfully, he followed up the stairs in the wake of the soldiers.

In the belfry, from which a brisk although scattering fire already had been opened, he came upon the official staff of the cathedral. Until the advent of the Major and his men, the clerics had been watching the fighting below; now they were crouched below the stone parapet, nervously awaiting the return storm. Father Francisco greeted them affectionately.

The thundering laugh of the Major, brave as a lion at his present altitude, and the crackling rifle fire were now almost

constant. Overhead, green and rusty, mutely hung the great bells of *Nuestra Señora de la Ascunción*. Why did not the *Americanos* reply?

Then the outermost bell rang sharply, although no motion stirred the heavy clapper. The first answering message from the street had touched its rim. Below, a handful of sharpshooters had been selected to pick off the insolent snipers in the church tower. After a moment, the same bell rang again, and then again. The central bell echoed the note. . . . Three shots rang in quick succession on the first bell. . . . The Major and his men crouched with the priests while a strange, wild anthem was played upon the metals by rifle bullets.

The heroic officer sprang up quickly, as the firing fell off. He hurled a yell of derision into the street, and gesticulated obscenely. But his cry faded out curiously at the highest pitch of its *crescendo*. The Major crashed heavily down into the knot of frightened priests. A purple eye, jetting blood, looked out of his temple at the shuddering group.

A soldier, who had been peering from an embrasure, jerked suddenly and died grotesquely beside his officer.

"Dead," muttered Father Francisco, who had seen death before, and never had ceased to marvel. "Incredibly dead!"

He sprang to his feet with the agility of an athlete. His eyes blazed with a new wrath; they smoldered on the others of his creed and cloth. He seemed about to break into impassioned speech. Then he stepped quickly forward and plucked from the floor the rifle of the slain soldier. It was a rifle recently imported from the nation against whose soldiers it was now being used.

"We must fill our ranks as they are depleted," said Father Francisco, coolly. "My brothers, it is the Church itself they would destroy. Shoot straight, then, for the glory of God!"

With careful aim, he fired into the street.

"Holy Cow!" profanely ejaculated an American private. "Those are priests up there! I can see their watchacallems . . . gowns! And they're getting somebody every time they shoot!"

The lieutenant in charge of the party operating against the belfry, studied his assailants through his binoculars.

"There's one priest, anyway," he admitted, "and—By George! The madman is climbing onto the parapet. Look at him! He's aiming again—Shoot him, Carter! He's had four of our fellows. . . . No—wait—!"

The countermanding order was too late. The soldier called Carter had aimed and fired with apparent carelessness, but with deadly effect. It was merely a whimsical trick of his to appear nonchalant.

Those below, then, who happened to be looking up, saw an extraordinary and arresting spectacle. It seemed that a great black bird, or bat, was plunging heavily toward the earth from the highest accessible point of the church, vainly fluttering enormous sable wings.

The lieutenant, a decent fellow, turned away his eyes.

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## Immortal Cause

BY MARX G. SABEL.

How many ages moved with slow precision  
To this one day, how many universes  
Have passed away as vision upon vision,  
How many cradles and how many hearses  
Have filed before us endlessly, that we,  
Two atoms out of infinite time and space,  
Might claim a moment for Eternity,  
And prodigally spend it face to face!

How soon the moment passes and all is ended,  
How soon we shall be nothing but a cause  
To an infinite series of like causes appended,  
A crystal lost when frozen water thaws—  
Yet we shall be a cause, together moving  
Immortally because of mortal loving!



# AT RANDOM

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## The End of the Tether

BY EMILY CLARK.

I have recently heard of a magazine published in Rome, weekly, I believe, whose staff relaxes and is joyous throughout the week and works hard Thursday and Friday, in order to be properly published on Saturday. Only the approach of the eleventh hour can inspire them to effervescence. It is more effective, I am told, by a European friend who greatly admires this periodical, than champagne. But this Roman product is really humorous, it is said, quite unlike anything produced in America, England, France or Germany. I forget its name if I ever heard it. I also forget whether or not it still exists. If it ceased to amuse the editors it probably died, for apparently it was run more for their delectation than that of the public.

This news was peculiarly gratifying because the At Random department of *THE REVIEWER*—the editorial part of it—is written exactly this way. I cannot boast that a printer's devil is waiting outside the door to snatch the copy from me, as was the custom with Thackeray and one or two other Eminent Victorians. For we have no printer's devil and are ignominiously compelled to take our copy to press. But each month the printer waits, if not outside the door. This condition is not representative of *THE REVIEWER*. The other editors, as well as the contributors, treat their work with the respect which it deserves, and their ideas ripen from one month to the next. But I, who am occupied with the sordid task of trying to persuade people that they want to do things for *THE REVIEWER* which in their calmer, more rational moments they probably don't want to do at all, have little time to grow ideas.

Many months ago I was placed by a higher power in charge of this department. This person suggested that I try to write a book, not because there was the slightest reason to think I could do it, but because practically everybody who can make sentences does write a book. And I, he argued, made rather nice sentences

without much effort. But, I replied, I have nothing to say. One has to be intellectual in order to think deeply, and emotional in order to feel deeply. And without important thoughts and feelings how does a book get written? At any rate, was the answer, you can always talk and you adore to write letters, quite long ones when you are in the mood, so why not talk—at random? So I have done it. And I fear I shall continue to.

I have just telephoned six people, three men and three women, for a subject, and my head is whirling. These are their suggestions: "Write about how hard it is to find something to write about". But Kenelm Digby has made that subject forever his own in the Literary Review, where he tears his hair and chews his pencil shamelessly in the face of many thousands of readers. "Write about writers you know. Tell how they behave and what they say when not under inspection, and that at least two of the most conspicuous and completely aesthetic of them have been observed to eat ice cream cones in automobiles, and how trying and perverse and impossible they can be." But Mr. Burton Rascoe disposes of that each week in the New York Tribune, where what they say at lunch, at dinner, at tea, or with the aid of liquid refreshment is accurately and enthrallingly recorded for the bourgeoisie to marvel at. Not to mention the Gossip Shop of the Bookman. Besides, THE REVIEWER doesn't live in a great intellectual centre like New York or the Middle West, so the few writers here are busy writing, and that wouldn't make sufficient copy. In their hours of relaxation, doubtless, they roam in the Virginia jungle, on the edge of which at least one of them lives.

"Write about Lady Astor, M. P., since THE REVIEWER is Virginian". Heavens, that subject was exhausted from every angle weeks before THE REVIEWER went to press! "Write about the Virginia Pageant in May". I refuse positively and permanently to do this, because I would not for worlds appear to protest against this pageant, realizing as I do that heroic measures are necessary in order to annihilate the stodgy and middle-class fetish of Plymouth Rock and to place Jamestown, ancient and aristocratic, firmly before the eyes of the world. But personally I don't like pageants or parades, and have often inconvenienced myself seriously in order to avoid encountering either. "Write about

the article in the Literary Digest which said wars would never stop unless people would stop having children". I am unfitted to go more deeply into this subject than I have already done. I pointed out in February that much of the population was superfluous, not simply for fear of war, but because one has to stand in line practically everywhere one goes. There are also other unfortunate results from the same cause. But an adequate disposition of this topic would decrease our circulation, and non-commercial as we are, clad austere in black and white, without cover, illustrations or office boy, still—il faut vivre. Besides, it would need more space than I am allowed. For part of the business of THE REVIEWER is to review, and books fill a department larger than mine, where the lucky literary editor has his subject literally placed in his hands by the publishers each month.

"Write about what hard luck it is for mediocre people, who in spite of their mediocrity happen to be deeply moved by loveliness or ugliness, not to be able to express these reactions without being pounced upon by critics. Why should exceptional people alone be granted the privilege of self-expression?" Now this is really an interesting subject, but as I said, THE REVIEWER was about to go to press when it was suggested to me. Some day it should be developed. My first impulse was to reply that mediocrity should by all means have the privilege of expression, but why insist upon publishing this expression? Reams could be written, relief obtained, and then the pages could be locked safely away in a desk, or better still be thrown into the waste-basket. But this was only a first thought. The second was uncomfortable. It was to the effect that if this contract were kept to the letter THE REVIEWER would sometimes have to shut up shop. And that would be annoying.

Many other things which are in their way diverting would also be no more. Surely diversion is in itself worth while. At least two novelists of the first rank have lately declared that novels are made to divert. If this is true it is a legitimate end. This, however, is not a conclusion of the proposition, only an hypothesis. THE REVIEWER will meditate carefully upon it and begin to discuss it some time at least three days before the magazine goes to press.

## Things in General

We notice that Burton Rascoe has already been mentioned in two departments besides his own, however—he is literary editor of the New York Tribune and the man to whom Jurgens is dedicated. Barbara Ling lives in Overbrook, Pa., and our information stops there. Beatrice Washburn is a member of the Times-Picayune staff in New Orleans, but confesses that she migrated there from Minneapolis and stayed because she liked it. She feared her origin might prejudice THE REVIEWER, but it considers that she showed discrimination. Mrs. Peterkin is already accounted for. Michael Monahan scarcely needs to be accounted for, because his books account for him. But he lives in New Canaan, Conn., and was an Irishman once. He also founded a magazine himself, the Phoenix, and is charmingly sympathetic to this one.

Ben Ray Redman was explained in THE REVIEWER when he was accused from Chicago of being a pseudonym. On the contrary he is quite a substantial person, living in Bronxville, N. Y., and appearing with more and more frequency in a number of magazines. His identity was mixed again when the Literary Digest recently quoted a REVIEWER poem of his as an example of what Southerners are doing! Louise Gary is a young Baltimorean, and this is her first public appearance. She sent a nom de plume to avoid detection by her relatives, but THE REVIEWER ignores it and publishes the brazen fact. Gordon King is a New Yorker, a Harvard man, and an inveterate first-nighter. This last was carefully explained in the May issue, but the printer omitted it, according to the inscrutably malicious nature of printers. Cale Young Rice is one of the best known Southern poets and lives in Louisville. He is the author of a number of books of verse, among them Shadowy Thresholds and Wraiths and Realities. Vincent Starrett lives in Chicago, contributes to many magazines and has started a magazine of his own, the Wave.

Marx Sabel lives in Jacksonville, Fla., and writes verse for the Smart Set and numerous other periodicals. Frederick Eddy, of New York, is, we gather, a business man, though apparently not tired. He is an amateur of literary paths untrodden by the majority, especially Machen's. Speaking of alluring literature Frances Newman says that if she had read Peter Whiffle in time it would have been included in Herd Complex.



# ABOUT BOOKS

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## The Secret Glory: A Review

BY FREDERICK B. EDDY.

"That uncanny genius whom the London Directory prosaically lists as Arthur Machen,"—to quote the author of *Beyond Life*—has written a new book, *The Secret Glory*. And now his readers may once more, after the trial of their faith by *The Terror*, cry to the pessimists who wail the death of Literature in England and America, "Sursum Corda!"

For, in *The Secret Glory* Mr. Machen returns to that world of dreams and glory and terror, which, as we read his books, his art so vivifies, that it seems quite as actual as the work-a-day cosmos in which we live and move and have our being. Just as, in *The Hill of Dreams*, and *The House of Souls* we find ourselves in a land where, as in Poictesme, "almost anything is rather more than likely to happen," so here, like the hero, we walk in a strange light and are admitted into worlds undreamed of.

Those who insist upon plot and the sentimentalism of the average novel will do well to leave *The Secret Glory*, as they have Mr. Machen's other books, unread. There is nothing here for them. Plot? Not a semblance of such a necessary note of the best seller. A love story, surely? Yes, but such a love story! It is not very likely that a Chicago critic would rhapsodise over it, and sum up his critical appreciation in the phrase, "A whale of a Book!" What then? There is a prose that borders upon poetry, and yet, which, with a fine reticence is never permitted by the author to pass the border-line. There is satire. A glorious attack upon the pomps and vanities of this modern world and all the stupid virtues of the age. There are dreams. And through it all that unsatisfied hunger for the beauty of life, found, so often, in life's pain. There is that principle of "ecstasy" which to Arthur Machen means the essential quality in literature, and in life.

*The Secret Glory* is the strange story of an English Public School boy, who prefers the beauty of Gothic arches seen against the sunset sky to the glory of athletic fame on the football or cricket field. The tale of a highly sensitive nature, who lives in a

world illumed with a white unearthly light; who has, in his youth heard the chanting of the Sovereign and Perpetual Choir, and seen in unendurable light the Mystery of Mysteries pass before him, veiled, and the image of the Slain and Risen. Such boys are no more popular with their schoolmates in England than they are in America, and Ambrose Meyrick, finds in Lupton, his school, in his masters, and in his comrades the stuff for an earthly Purgatory. The story of his thoughts, his dreams, his love, make up the substance of the book. A story that goes forward one moment, and back to a memory of childhood, evoked amidst the Luptonian gloom the next; which veers into the distant future, and returns to the present. There are lengthy quotations from some notebooks of the hero's, excerpts from his book, *A Defence of Taverns*,—delightfully Rabelaisian, though mildly so,—and finally an Epilogue. No, not exactly a well-constructed story. "A confused and rather confusing book," was the comment of John O'London upon it.

The *Dramatis Personae* are few. Ambrose Meyrick, Nelly Foran, Mr. Horbury. There you have the inevitable hero, heroine and villain. The other people hardly matter. Yet what a hero and heroine, and villain! I fear Mr. Sumner would not fancy Nelly as a heroine. And the healthy-minded female would not, I venture to guess, see anything heroic in Ambrose Meyrick, nor anything very villainous in Mr. Horbury. Summed up in Gradgrindian brevity the tale recounts certain episodes in the life of Ambrose, the school boy. His interview with Mr. Horbury, his uncle, and subsequent thrashing, his memories of strange and beautiful adventures in childhood; his simulated reformation, and apparent conversion to the Luptonian ideal; his flight from school, and his terrible letter, written in Rabelaisian French, very brilliant, but more obscene than anything of his master's; his trip to London with Nelly; his realization that their relations are sinful; and the Epilogue, in which some scanty information of his later life and death is vouchsafed us,—these episodes make up the actual happenings in the book. Not exactly like zooming along in an airplane, is it? No.

Still, after all, the mere tale is little. It is the manner in which the telling is done that counts as art. What Mr. Machen

in *The Hill of Dreams* calls, "The art of causing sensation by the use of words," reaches in *The Secret Glory* a perfection which few artists in that use can approach. The barren sketch of the story as I have outlined it above conveys nothing of the glow of colour, nothing of the rhythm of lordly language which pulsates through all Mr. Machen's exotically hued prose. Nor can you realize, in so prosaic a résumé, anything of the delicate irony which broods over so many of his pages. Yes, the satiric vein in which Mr. Machen indulged himself when he wrote "*Dr. Stiggins*" is as rich as it was sixteen years ago. And there are certain passages descriptive of that hidden and glorious Liturgy of which Arthur Machen has written so magically in *The Great Return* which, to my prejudiced notion, touch the heights of beauty, and glow with the loveliness of mysticism.

And in the comedic spirit there is the rollicking account of the marriage of Panurge, which Ambrose relates to Nelly in the grotesque inn of the Three Kings and too, the quotation from Ambrose's book, *A Defence of Taverns*, is delightful foolery.

Mr. Starrett says of *The Hill of Dreams*—"Spiritually as well as technically it makes the topmost pinnacle of his tormented genius," a judgment which must now be revised. For if Posterity does demand of us, as Mr. Starrett prophesies it will, why we did not open our hearts to Arthur Machen and name him among the very great, one of the reasons will be that he was the author of *The Secret Glory*. (*The Secret Glory*, by Arthur Machen. Martin Secker, London, 1922.)

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## Books of the Month

BY HUNTER STAGG.

In a not very bygone issue of the *New York Tribune* Mr. Burton Rascoe declared that "having given much study to criticism (or reviewing wherein an opinion is expressed)" he had formulated what he believed to be "the perfect adverse review", which is herewith reprinted: "I sincerely hope the book will give the pleasure the author intended. I am sure it will to people who

are like him in mind and imagination. I may be permitted, perhaps, to observe, for what it is worth, that the book gave me no pleasure whatever."

Perhaps, now, I may be permitted to observe, for what it is worth, that the author of these lines by no means overestimated them when he called them perfect. What adverse review has ever said more? Commonly they say less. Mr. Rascoe's formula is complete. It is a boon of inestimable value to all reviewers, except those on space rates, if they will only accept it.

Take, for example, Sir Harry Johnston's new book, in which he does for the third time a thing which should never have been done but once. It was all very well for Sir Harry to publish as his first novel a sequel to Dickens' *Dombey and Son*. Anyone might be charged once with the combined impudence and respect which he brought to the idea of extending the careers of somebody's else's famous characters. But then he had to go and do a sequel to Mrs. Warren's *Profession*, with results deservedly horrible beyond description. Next he wrote a book which was not a sequel to anybody's anything, and it—appropriately called *The Man Who Did The Right Thing*—certainly showed enough genuine ability to warrant his continuing on his own, but no: Sir Harry must try now to repeat his first success with a sequel to Dickens' *Our Mutual Friend*. And one cannot even be wholly gratified that he failed to do this, that *The Veneerings*, as he calls the book, is a fearfully dull performance, because a third contact with the idea spoils the pleasant memories one has retained of his first experiment, *The Gay-Dombey*s. But that was to be expected, and the amazing thing is that any writer should imagine that a literary career can be builded upon sequels to other people's books. Somehow you would not mind the bad taste of it half so much if it were not such poor sense. (*The Veneerings*. By Sir Harry Johnston. The Macmillan Co.)

Then take *Rahab*, By Waldo Frank. I must say this book made a strong impression on me of some kind or other, not because I am among the initiated who know what it means, for that, unfortunately, is not the case. Mr. Frank, in his search for a freer, more flexible mode of expression, tragically builds



about himself bars even more rigid than those he would break. His peculiar arrangements of perfectly good English words, though occasionally achieving a flashing vision, is in the main one which most of us read as too many of us read French, missing in about five sentences out of ten the one clarifying, illuminating word which would unlock the treasure of meaning which I, for one, am ready to believe is there. No, the reason *Rahab* produced its impression on me is simply that whatever the author does happen to mean by his book he obviously means so passionately, and I assume that meaning not to be, wholly, what it would appear, a deification of the phallus. And anyway, even if it is only that, anybody who means anything passionately these days should be accorded his meed of respect. (*Rahab*. By Waldo Frank. Boni & Liveright.)

Take, too, *Adrienne Toner*, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, author of *Tante*. *Adrienne Toner* ought to be a good book, there is in it a good deal of Mrs. Sedgwick's especial brilliance, but yet from the very beginning it is oddly unsatisfying. There are stories, plenty of them, whose courses may be consciously directed without harm, and there are more stories which must be consciously directed. But the story of *Adrienne Toner* is one of those which to be directed at all is to be misdirected, for it is the kind which grows—or should grow—naturally out of one big, powerful character. As it is, there is every evidence that its growth was forced, and forced with an eye—a keen one, I grant—to “striking” scenes and to a particularly “ironic” ending. It is a pity, for the sweetly ruinous *Adrienne* could have been a figure quite worthy to stand beside *Tante*. But Mrs. Sedgwick does not seem to have seen her very clearly, or to have been sure enough of her as a type, for her outlines continually waver and there is a stupid attempt to account for her by a ridiculous background, whereas she needed no accounting for. And she is endowed with certain entirely unnecessary attributes, all of which contribute to the general spoiling of her effect. (*Adrienne Toner*. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Houghton Mifflin & Co.)

One might take, too, a whole raft of lesser novels, such as Lee Wilson Dodd's *Lilia Chenoworth*, Archibald Marshall's *Big Peter*, Cosmo Hamilton's *The Rustle of Silk*, Stephen Mc-

Kenna's *The Secret Victory*, Rupert Hughes' *Souls for Sale*, and a good many more than I have space here to name. And one might, if one wished, say a good deal about them all, since with practice one can say a good deal about anything. But I greatly doubt if of any one of the whole lot there is anything to be said which might not better be boiled down to the formula, which I now repeat: "I sincerely hope the book will give the pleasure which the author intended. I am sure it will to people who are like him in mind and imagination. I may be permitted, perhaps, to add, for what it is worth, that the book gave me no pleasure whatever."

If D. H. Lawrence's novel, *Aaron's Rod*, the last of the trilogy which includes *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*, escapes the foregoing classification it is not because it is a good novel. Indeed, as a novel it is fairly hopeless. Mr. Lawrence, never noted for devotion to those subtleties of construction which occupy many a lesser man, here exceeds all bounds in his disregard of the technical framework which would give to the sequence of his events some semblance of probability. Similarly in the matter of his hero's development Mr. Lawrence could not be bothered with such a tedious formality as logic: when he wanted a thing to happen he just made Aaron quickly, the sort of a person that thing could happen to. Thus the Aaron whom we first see as a provincial, uneducated citizen of a little English mining town, addicted to performing amateurishly on the flute, we find, at the end of the book a visitor in Italy, the valued companion of high born gentlemen, the lover of a beautiful Marchesa, and, as a flautist, something of a real artist. His material transition to the later scenes of the story were duly recorded, though unconvincingly motivated, but his educational and cultural transition to such a society was a matter over which Mr. Lawrence could not waste his time.

What he did have all the time in the world to spend upon was the talk about love and the relation of husband and wife. If the book has any outline it is one deliberately designed, or distorted, to afford as many projections as possible on which to hang those erotic conversations. All sorts and conditions of men and women are snatched from here, there, and yonder, and pitched together, indiscriminately, in a cafe, a drawing room, a rural cot-

tag, an opera box—anywhere—to talk about “the struggle between the sexes”, and the discussions are pretty thorough. Men of a type which in actual life would be, to say the least, uncommunicative on such subjects, contribute to the arguments the innermost secrets of their marital life, describe in detail the sex habits of their wives.

It is almost funny. It only misses being altogether funny by the fact that those conversations are, for the most part, extremely interesting, that in them Mr. Lawrence delivers so many theories, observations, ideas of real worth, delves into so many obscure recesses of human nature, that the technical absurdities of the book are important only to the reviewer, who must ask why Mr. Lawrence made it a novel at all, instead of a series of dialogues after the Socratic model. (Aaron's Rod. By D. H. Lawrence. Thomas Seltzer.)

To drop for a while into undiluted praise I might mention at this point *Peter Whiffle*, by Carl Van Vechten, as the most original and enduringly pleasurable story of the season. It is rather difficult to say just what sort of book it is—perhaps the simplest way is to sum up Mr. Van Vechten's preface. It seems, then, that one Peter Whiffle, supposed by his friends to be a writer, lately died, appointing Carl Van Vechten his literary executor, but when Mr. Van Vechten undertook to discharge this obligation it turned out that Whiffle was an author who never wrote anything, who had spent his life preparing to write books that never materialized. To Mr. Van Vechten, however, it seemed that literary representation of some sort was due a character so odd and a life so strange as Peter Whiffle's, and so, after some reflection, was written the present volume, which is an account of those chapters from Mr. Van Vechten's own life in which Peter Whiffle figured most prominently.

Thus most of the incidents of the story are authentic, and most of the characters are real people, some of them wearing their own names—names you recognize—and some, not less real, appearing under thin disguises. Still *Peter Whiffle* cannot be called autobiography. As a novel was it written and as a novel will it be enjoyed, for even if the main course of events adhered to actuality more faithfully than it probably does, yet the over-

tones of atmosphere and the undertones of analysis are the work of creative imagination. And if certain of the scenes described are genuine yet most of the conversations recorded are certainly creations of the author's own wit and brilliance. And witty and brilliant most of them are, some amounting, in their essence, to little essays, not burdensomely profound in topic but nevertheless full of meat.

Yes, *Peter Whiffle* is a novel, especially as the character of Peter himself is the one of them all whose authenticity, in the strict sense of the word, is open to doubt. Personally I am inclined to suspect that he is actual enough in his way, but that that way is really the way of being a generally hidden side of Mr. Van Vechten's own character to which he here gives another body and name, and poses opposite the Carl Van Vechten who is permitted to wear that name in the book. For an analogy to this idea I must go back to an achievement of a popular film star who some years ago played two different parts in the same picture and was actually shown to the public, by some contrivance out of the screen's bottomless bag of tricks, acting out a scene with herself. If Peter is, as it seems to me, intended to represent another side of the narrator's character I can only hope he is not really, as is declared in the book, dead. (*Peter Whiffle*. By Carl Van Vechten. Alfred A. Knopf.)

Another—and vastly different—book from which it is impossible to withhold the highest praise is the novel called *Vocations*, by Gerald O'Donovan. I would not wish to be understood as taking sides with Mr. O'Donovan in the problem he so coolly, and without comment, presents. I can have no concern with the truth of his picture of convent life and the priesthood in Ireland. It is a terrible picture, but my concern can only be with the manner in which Mr. O'Donovan has created it, and with that there is no fault to be found.

Considered, then, solely as a work of art, Mr. Francis Hackett's judgment of the book—"No other novel on this theme compares with it"—is none too strong. *Vocations* is not written in hate—rather in pity: so much accounts for the dignity and restraint of the workmanship. Yet the author avoided no horror that is the logical result of the story he undertook to tell and the



various characters he undertook to analyze: he only contrives to present his story and his characters so dispassionately and with such subtlety that often one hardly realizes the actual significance of what one has read until—as is likely to happen now and then during the reading—one has, quite unconsciously, turned one's face aside for a moment as from an open sore. Truly, Gerald O'Donovan is an artist. (*Vocations*. By Gerald O'Donovan. Boni & Liveright.)

Some other writers represented this spring by novels in their several ways distinctly worth while are Mary S. Watts, Harry Leon Wilson and Harold Brighouse, an Englishman better known in this country as a playwright than as a novelist.

I am somewhat late reviewing Mrs. Watts' book, but perhaps not too late, for *The House of Rimmon* is a particularly good book. Its theme—that of the artist, in this case a playwright, forced by circumstances to "prostitute his art to popular taste"—is a familiar one, but the story Mrs. Watts builds about it is not a familiar story, except perhaps in the final chapters. Till then it follows an individual course, one which carries its central figure from an inland city to New York, thence to Bermuda, where a good third of the action is unfolded, and finally back to New York. And it does not present Cleve Harrod, in the beginning, as an artist already formed and ready for his battle, but as a young man beginning his own particular apprenticeship to life, an apprenticeship which tries him as a soldier, a bar-tender, an odd man about a hotel, and in many other ways. before he unfolds his artistic wings—only to fold them soon again, slowly, rebelliously, under the pressure of life.

Mrs. Watts' own art is one of the most reliable in modern American fiction. She has always a good story to tell, and she never fails to tell it well, or to people it with characters clearly seen and often—especially when there is occasion for satire—brilliantly drawn. Her new novel may not be as significant a work as have been two or three of her others, but it is none the less, for that, a book far and away above the usual. *The House of Rimmon*. By Mary S. Watts. The Macmillan Co.)

What with the hot weather and all, this is just the right time of the year to be recommending Harry Leon Wilson's latest contribution to the more lightsome order of fiction. It is true that

Merton of the Movies wavers as uncertainly as Mr. Wilson's other stories between genuine comedy and burlesque, but that does not matter in the least, since it never wavers from the path of good, clean fun. The story of the small-town store clerk who yearns to be a movie actor, studies the art through a correspondence course and actually does go to Hollywood to uplift the drama of the screen, is one which, considering that it is just one, contributes more than its share to the joy of life. And Merton of the Movies does something more than that too: it lets one into many strange and interesting secrets of just how moving pictures are actually made. (Merton of the Movies. By Harry Leon Wilson. Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Harold Brighouse's novel is called *Hepplestall's*, a title no more unusual than the story itself, which is broken in the middle by a gap of several generations but is yet held together and knitted into one well rounded plot by the great factory—*Hepplestall's*—founded in the eighteenth century by Reuben Hepplestall, gentleman, who stepped out of his caste to become a manufacturer. In the first part, too, the part which depicts the days when fashion was law and the Prince Regent was fashion, begins the human drama of the book which Mr. Brighouse brings on down to the current days of post-war England. The drama is that of two distinct lines of descent from the first Reuben, the destinies of both of which are bound up in the fortunes of the factory, the legitimate line as owner, the illegitimate as worker. And very vividly does Mr. Brighouse symbolize through them the struggle between capitalism and labor, the two lines of descent from Industry.

And very cleverly has he woven about this not universally attractive theme a plot capable of entertaining a most varied assortment of readers. If *Hepplestall's* dominates the scene it is more often than not merely as a backdrop might, leaving the stage free for the play of romance, character—in short all the elements which go to make a good story. There are scenes which show plainly Mr. Brighouse's training as a dramatist, and if it be understood that the first—the "costume"—division of the book is superior in workmanship to the last, it may be said that *Hepplestall's* is, throughout, a work of more than usual excellence. (*Hepplestall's*. By Harold Brighouse. Robert M. McBride & Co.)



McBride & Co. have published this spring two other books.

One of them is James Branch Cabell's *The Lineage of Lichfield*, which will be remembered as having appeared in *THE REVIEWER* last autumn. However, to the genealogical table which traces the descent of the principal characters in all the author's novels and stories back to the remote Manuel, hero of *Figures of Earth*, Mr. Cabell has added a preface which will be of great value to all collectors of his works. If in *Beyond Life* Mr. Cabell professed the theory of his art, here he discusses his own particular application of that theory to letters, that is, the broad plan of all his works, considered as one body. There is also included in *The Lineage of Lichfield* a paper called *Exit*, which also made its first appearance in this magazine, and was inspired by the proclamation, in some periodical, of the bursting of the Cabell bubble, the collapse of the Cabell boom. The farewell to fame, not to say notoriety, which Mr. Cabell gives in *Exit* is one of his best achievements of irony. (*The Lineage of Lichfield*. By James Branch Cabell. Robert M. McBride & Co.)

The other book is a slender volume of poems called *Youth Grows Old* and written by Robert Nathan. An idea of the originality of the plan of this book is perhaps best given by a transcript of some of the titles, which are written in italics across the tops of the pages like the outline of a story. They run, *The poet apologizes for himself . . . The poet, made aware of time's passing, offers up a simple prayer . . . he is oppressed with a sense of loneliness . . . The poet pleads with his love . . . On the top of a hill he discusses himself . . . The poet loses his love . . . He endeavors to console himself . . . and feels that since sorrow and he are such old friends perhaps it is time to take sorrow more philosophically . . . He bids farewell to his dreams . . . He considers the passing years . . . He turns to the hills for comfort . . . He hears a knock at his door . . . the poet opens to his guest . . . He writes his epitaph.*

Perhaps, too, something of the quality of the verses may be conveyed by those titles—something: not much. Mr. Nathan's poetry has something of the quality of his novel, *Autumn*, published last year: it is quiet, retrospective, tender, singularly appealing; poetry to savor like delicate wine. (*Youth Grows Old*. By Robert Nathan. Robert M. McBride & Co.)

## THE REVIEWER

### *What various critics say:*

*The New York Times Book Review:* THE REVIEWER continues to blaze its way through the literary sand flats of the South, and is carrying a number of entertaining articles and reviews.

*The Bookman:* An interesting and valuable publication.—John Farrar, the editor. An excellent magazine.—William Stanley Braithwaite.

*New York Evening Post:* One of the most interesting of the smaller magazines—it is wonderful what THE REVIEWER has done in the way of contributors when you realize that neither writers nor editors receive any remuneration.

*The Baltimore Evening Sun,* H. L. Mencken: In Richmond, the capital of the most civilized of all the Southern States, there is THE REVIEWER, most interesting—even in the cradle showing a vigorous personality. The last number was downright distinguished.



*Douglas Freeman, in News Leader:* Richmond's youngest periodical has received more encouragement from the foremost writers of the country than any Southern magazine ever has received. Some of the most distinguished of American authors have given to THE REVIEWER articles that would have commanded the best prices of the greatest American periodicals. The result is that THE REVIEWER could print a "contributors' column" for its first volume that would rival, if not excel, in the names it includes any that the most famous American monthlies could boast.

*H. L. Mencken, in the Smart Set:* Its contents throw an illuminating light, not only upon the causes of the intellectual stagnation of the South, but also upon the way out. The editors apparently know what sort of stuff they need to prepare the way for better things.

*The Springfield Union, Springfield, Mass.:* One is glad to recommend THE REVIEWER for its dignified appearance, its well-written contents, and for its sanely high-browed attitude toward the business of getting human experience and fancy on paper. It is the only magazine in the country which accepts articles entirely on their literary merit.

*The Literary Digest* has used two of THE REVIEWER's poems and one of its articles within the last few weeks. *The New York Tribune* quoted one of THE REVIEWER's poems on its Sunday editorial page recently. *The May Bookman* put Miss Mary Johnston's "Virginiana," published in the February REVIEWER, at the head of the list of February poems published in America. It also said that "A Scots Grandfather" by Joseph Hergesheimer in the February REVIEWER, was one of his two finest pieces of work.

Hugh Walpole, James Branch Cabell, Joseph Hergesheimer, Mary Johnston, Ellen Glasgow, H. L. Mencken, Christopher Morley, William Rose Benét, George Sterling and Prince and Princess Troubetzkoy are among those who have praised THE REVIEWER and are helping it.

*Indianapolis Star:* THE REVIEWER is piquant and original.

*The Atlanta Journal:* Of the greatest interest to all lovers of the best in literature, and those patriotic Southerners who love Southern traditions, but who enjoy those traditions with a modern note, is the new Southern magazine, THE REVIEWER.